

and "site" are really the same word. The single tax is nothing more than a tax or price, to be paid for the social advantages of a certain site, no matter what a man does with it. In other words, the tax is to be placed upon the value of the land and not upon the business carried on by its owner, or the property he erects upon it, and the proceeds would go to the people for their communal expenses. Thus we should restore to the people their rightful inheritance. To-day we really tax industry and thrift and place a premium upon idleness.

I do not claim that land monopoly is the only monopoly, or that the single tax would solve all problems. When land monopoly has been dealt with, there will still be such monopolies as rest upon patents, to be dealt with, or such as rest upon licenses, like the liquor monopoly. But the land monopoly is the bottom of so many other monopolies which oppress us that once it is settled the rest will be easy.

A LESSON IN TRADES-UNIONISM. For The Public.

Having followed our youngsters to the Pacific coast and located myself on a suburban chicken ranch, I was surprised and pleased to find that one of our nearest neighbors was Billy Gorman. His father, a well-to-do farmer, had been my neighbor years ago in western New York. Billy had at first made but poor use of his abilities and opportunities, and after a brief career as a country lawyer and small politician, had left his country for his country's good. But, soon taking a sudden turn for the better, he had learned the trade of a sawyer in a planing mill in Barberton, O., and had permanently adopted the life and habits of an industrious and thrifty mechanic. With a view to more rapid accumulation of worldly goods he had followed the star of empire and of high wages to San Francisco, coming by way of Texas, where he worked two years in the Murray cotton gin factories in Dallas.

I greatly enjoyed renewing my acquaintance with Billy, who was at his worst a very interesting and likable boy. We had many good visits over our garden fence, in the course of which I learned much of his interesting history since leaving his early home. I even advised him to shed his corduroys, now that his steady habits must be fully confirmed, and take up again the practice of the law, for which he had shown a great liking and aptitude even as a youth. But he claimed

to be contented with his condition, and wished to take no further chances with the excitements and temptations of the forum and its environments.

"Anything fresh, Billy?" I asked him this morning.

"Why, yes," he replied, "I have had a letter from my old foreman with Clark Bros. in Barberton. They are setting up a new plant in Fort Wayne, and directed him to offer me a good place there, if my services are not too high priced."

I had previously known that the Murray company held out tempting inducements to dissuade Billy from leaving Dallas, which he did mainly on account of the suffering of his family in the torrid summer climate of Texas.

"Billy," said I, "you have been marked for promotion in every place where you have worked till you got to San Francisco. Here you have stood four years at the same set of saws, with no prospect in sight of ever being offered a better position."

"But," Billy rejoined, "if Clark Bros. gave me a department in Fort Wayne, I should have to work at least an hour longer and for probably half a dollar less a day than I get here at my saws."

"That may be, but your position here is not so good but it might be better. What strikes me is that you have either lost your superior qualities as a man and a cutter and handler of fine lumber, or else they are not appreciated here as they have been elsewhere. Do you know the reason?"

"Yes, I do," replied Billy. "It is the labor unions here, the same that secure me better pay for hand work than Clark Bros. would have to pay for my alleged superior capabilities in Indiana."

"As to your high wages, I understand that they are at the mercy of those same unions, which may at any time, without your consent or approval, call you off from your work altogether."

"Yes, that is true, and you can see," indicating his pretty home and its ample surroundings, "what provision I am trying to make against such an emergency. Three-fourths of our neighbors, too, are workmen like me, and are throwing the same kind of an anchor to windward."

"Well, whether or no," I pursued, "is not half a dollar a day poor compensation for keeping at manual work which any man could do, and leaving your higher and more valuable capacities unused and undeveloped?"

"O, I give my higher capacities their innings out of work hours. I have found more than a plenty to do and to think of which has been profitable to me in one way or another."

"Yes, Billy; but now let me ask: Do you try as hard to do your best for your employer, now that you are a union man working in a completely unionized industry? And does your employer know or care if you do? In short, does not your union connection tend to make you no better than any one of a dozen sawyers in your shops?"

"Perhaps; but at the same time it tends to make each of the dozen sawyers as good as I am, which on the whole is a great gain, eh? Of course the unions, like many modern improvements, work some disadvantage to individuals, but we claim to show a large balance of public benefit to their credit."

"But you wouldn't claim that they have been a benefit in destroying all friendly personal feeling between employers and employees?"

"Granting that they are to blame for this, which I don't admit," said Billy, "why should there be that friendly personal interest between those who sell labor and those who buy it, any more than between those who produce and sell eggs and those who buy them? Except as a matter of policy I should no more give my employer more than the ordinary amount of effort in a day's work than you should count out 13 eggs for a dozen."

"And the incentive of good policy has been removed through the influence of the unions," I added, inquiringly.

"Yes, by making our proper relations better understood. We no longer regard our employer as a patron to be conciliated by works of supererogation, nor does he look us over in search of a good boy to pat on the head. My employer is a very worthy man and a member of the employers' association. He and I both know that we are liable to be some day engaged in a battle between our respective organizations, a battle caused by no fault whatever of his or mine. Of course this prevents any sense of friendly interest between us, for in war we must not love our enemies."

"These flourishing and prosperous industries of San Francisco then are, in fact, in a state of war?" I asked.

"That is about right. We work under an armed truce."

"Well now, Billy, let us consider. The laborers must be employed, and

the capitalists must employ them, if production and civilized existence are to continue. How do you justify the organizations which have brought about a war between these two inseparable and indispensable classes?"

"On the ground that they haven't brought about the war. They have changed the conditions of it, from an industrial-despotism tempered by riot and insurrection, to a comparatively equal conflict. They have made the numerical superiority of the workers count peacefully in a dispute, as it ought to. And they have called the attention of the world to the fact that there is a war, an irrepressible conflict."

"Well, Billy, what would you call the cause of the war between capital and labor?"

"Why, I should call it just simply ignorance. Employers and employes fight each other because they haven't yet found out whom else to fight."

"Then why haven't your unions found the enemy?"

"Give us time," said Billy. "Have you noticed the labor vote in all the great cities this past year? We union men don't all think, but we all know who among us does think, and where to look for counsel and leadership when we want them. And before you know it the employers' unions and the labor unions will discover what is really doing the mischiefs we have been blaming on each other. They will get sight of the common enemy. Then our guns are all mounted and loaded ready to train on him."

"Do you know 'his' name?" was my final inquiry.

"Sure I do. It is Privilege, Mr. Legal Privilege, short shrift to him!" I took off my hat to Billy.

E. P. ROUNSEVELL.

TO THE DISINHERITED.

For The Public.

Ye who toll for idlers' gain,
Ye who seek for work in vain,
Know ye not the reason plain
For your poverty?
Drudge and save each waking hour,
Clouds of penury still lower.
Ye are robbed by that dread power,
Land Monopoly.

Duped by every tricky knave,
Valued less than chattel slave,
Fleeced from cradle to the grave
Ye must ever be,
'Till ye learn that man-made law
Gives ye helpless to the maw—
Whets the tooth and arms the claw—
Of this tyranny.

See how Want your brethren drives;
See your overburdened wives;

See your children's stunted lives—
Strike for Liberty!
Pledge each other heart and hand;
Boldly press your just demand—
Right of access to the land;
This shall make ye free.
J. K. RUDYARD.

BOOKS

THE SOCIALIZATION OF HUMANITY.

The Socialization of Humanity: An Analysis and Synthesis of the Phenomena of Nature, Life, Mind and Society Through the Law of Repetition. A System of Monistic Philosophy. By Charles Kendall Franklin. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. Price, \$2.00.

In an ambitious work of 480 pages, Charles Kendall Franklin undertakes "to trace physical, organic and social phenomena to their sources in order to discover their laws." As this last necessitates "reviewing all of the great concepts of the race, matter, motion, life, mind and society," we can do little more here than indicate the trend of the author's thought, while calling attention to two or three contentions which impress us as fundamentally erroneous.

Mr. Franklin seems to find the source of all phenomena in what he calls "the law of repetition," an "order" which "in nature is inherent." Observing that "the most universal phenomena in nature is change," that "everything is in flux," he draws forth from this seeming chaos "the truth that no matter what it is that changes, its process is but a repetition of similar processes throughout the universe, and different only because under different conditions."

Here Mr. Franklin really touches the source of all phenomena—the eternal principle of life (in which are all potentialities), manifesting itself in the transitory phenomena of which our senses are conscious.

But if he had recognized in his "law of repetition" a life principle which is the source of all natural law, his book, as it is now written, would have ended with the second chapter. Seeing, however, nothing more in that chaos of change, so orderly though its processes are, than what we shall have to call "accidental regularity," he actually proceeds to look for the origin of life in the phenomena which this accidental "law of repetition" produces.

"The ocean," he writes, "was the retort in which life was formed;" as if all the phenomena of motion culminating in this wonder that we call life had been till then devoid of life and the life principle. And as life is a product instead of the projector of matter, so, of course, does our author find that mind is a product

of matter. Mr. Franklin regards this as strong ground, for, as he says in one place, "we know what matter is." Yet he would find it about as difficult to demonstrate the existence of matter, as he thinks it to demonstrate the preexistence of idea. Force is demonstrable, for the human senses are directly conscious of force; but to demonstrate force operating in such manner as to demonstrate natural law, is to demonstrate idea or thought within or back of the force; and if the normal tendency of the force be beneficent, it is to demonstrate beneficent idea.

From his materialistic hypotheses, Mr. Franklin proceeds to a consideration of the social organism. That there is such a thing as a social organism resulting primarily from the complexities of specialization and trade, which produce what may be called its economic functions, we suppose no one will deny. But that society is an organism as the individual man is, in any other than an analogical or correspondential sense, we suppose that few believe. But Mr. Franklin is not dealing in analogies. He apparently means that society is developing organically from the inorganic, just as he supposes the individual to have so developed, and that the individual units of society will eventually come to be the repositories of a social sense belonging to society rather than to themselves, whereupon society will be "a social-conscious social organism."

This is the root notion of the socialist theory of "class consciousness," a perversion of the facts of individual selfishness; and Mr. Franklin's book is in reality a treatise in support of the scientific or Marxian cult of socialism, which dominates the organized socialist movement.

It is to be observed that at this end of his inquiry idealistic speculation is as attractive to the author as at the other end he found it repulsive. Although he begins by ignoring the tremendous significance of an "order in nature," which has resulted in the development, from chemical activities, of intellectual and moral beings (because that would have savored of idealistic weakness), he closes with prophecies for the future of the social organism that would appall the most optimistic idealist. His confidence at this stage of his investigation, in the intelligent and beneficent tendencies of the law and order of nature, is extraordinary when it is remembered that they depend upon a certain accidental regularity of repetition in processes whose originating and perpetuating force is neither intellectual nor beneficent.

We wish it understood, however, that in criticizing the philosophy of this